

Albuquerque Weekly Citizen

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MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS

It is the day of all days; the one set apart by the customs of all peoples, sacred to universal cheer.

Its origin is in the supreme statutes of nature, and it came to earth with man. While the Christ was yet unborn, our sun-worshipping ancestors, accepting the primitive lengthening of the day at this time of year as a triumph of their god over the gods of darkness, instituted this festival of magnificence and merrymaking; and it has come down through the centuries, the growth of intelligence adding to its beneficence and the grace of religion perfecting its beauty, until it is a festival that knows no cross, no clique, no age, no people, but is the glad fruition of all humanity, as natural as life is beautiful.

To him who believes in Christ this is indeed the day of merrymaking, for he celebrates not temporal good alone, but eternal emancipation of his soul from torment and the opening of his heart to the needs of his fellow men.

Merry, merry Christmas!

Joy to him who can be joyful, help to the poor, ministration to the sick, consolation to the unfortunate, cheer to the discouraged, sympathy to the sorrowing.

These tender emotions well from sweet human nature, as pure water runs from a living spring.

For there is much good in man that was born in him. Love and hope, agony and fear, ecstasy and pain, tears and joys—the commonest elements of life—it is these which give birth to sympathy and kindness, the religion of the unregenerate.

Good will toward men, self-sacrifice—these are endorsed by all religions and taught daily by home, but we owe their existence to no creed or theory; they are of human nature and belong to all.

Yes, there are things of the earth, earthly, that may not reach into eternity or give us hope or reason, but if we use them rightly, be true to the best that's in us and faithful to our fellow, we may have something by removing much of evil and relieving much of sorrow in this world which is our own.

Merry, merry Christmas!

Whate'er may be our hopes or fears, dogmas, beliefs, this is the day of holy joy, the day we meet with kin and kind at homelike feast, the gaudsome day of charity, the wondrous day of giving gifts and cheery words, and being glad in making hearts of others glad.

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CHILD'S OWN SEASON

The Christmas season, instead of being the gladdest time of the year, would be an intolerable bore, but for the joy of the children.

The exchange of presents and greetings among grown-up folk is far from what it is "cracked up" to be. It is a merely social observance which most people are glad to be done with.

If there were nothing else in Christmas giving than this, the hapless part of the Christmas time with those people in every town would be the day after. The sights of relief on that day would be sincerer than all the smiles of the whole week before.

But the joyous laughter of the delighted children is the Christmas music that sets the heart-strings in quick vibration.

We call the Christmas bells sweet, but they would sound solemn and meaningless but for the accompaniment of joyous shouts and laughter of the little ones.

The joy of a child is the only perfect happiness in the world. And it is so easy to cause.

This is why Christmas the day on which we all unite in giving joy to the children is the nearest approach mankind can make to a paradise of human joy.

Let us remember that Christmas is supremely the day for the children, and that our best test is just in making them as happy as we can.

What a glorious host of universal gladness the day would be if every man and woman in every town took care first of all to make at least one little child supremely happy!

God knows there is opportunity enough. If the children of your own friends are all supplied, there are plenty of children of the friendless.

They swarm in the alleys, where the dollar that it spent on some grown-up friend, would bring scarcely a smile of pleasure, will, divided into a dozen gifts, bring schools of joy from a dozen hearts to which joy is rare.

It is the sweetest music in the world.

FOR THE CHILDREN

At this happy Christmas time of the year, when all minds are turned to the children, alike of the nation, the community and the family, it is well to know that children are receiving more practical attention than ever before.

Child labor is being discussed from one end of the land to the other, and from the president in the white house to the poorest laborer in his humble hut. But there is another work for children which is progressing in the large cities. Chief among these is the crusade for pure milk.

This crusade in New York has already begun to bear rich fruit, not only in the saving of infant life in the metropolis but in the making of a wholesome and effective public sentiment in the same behalf in other communities in the country. Recalling the incident related by Dr. C. L. Miller, who told the weeping mother who had informed him that "providence had nothing to do with it" but that "bad milk had killed the baby," the New York Medical Record cites some statistics from New York to substantiate the famous doctor's theory.

Recently published statistics issued by the New York board of health show that in 1881 the death rate from diarrhetic disease among children under 5 was 22 to the 1,000; in 1905 it was 14.5 to the 1,000. In the latter year, during the three months following June 10, the mortality from the same cause and under the same age limit was 3,000; this year in the corresponding period there was no such shortage. When one railroad has over a thousand dead engines, it looks very much like a shortage of motive power. If any good machine applies for work and cannot get it because he may have been or is now connected with some labor organization which called a strike, then the interstate commerce commission should act after the road that refuses to employ a man for such a reason.

New Mexican: White Oaks will lose, in only newspaper, the *Outlook*, and when a town loses its only paper it is not in as prosperous a state as it would wish to be. The *Outlook* will be moved to Carrizozo, the new division point on the El Paso & Southwestern railway, and will be edited by N. S. Basie, who has had newspaper experience at Carrizozo, Deming and Espanola in this territory. The *Outlook* was always a welcome visitor to the editorial sanctum of the New Mexican, even though it often differed with it politically and otherwise, but there was a frankness and sincerity about its opinions that lifted it above the average small town weekly. No doubt under its new management it will continue to be an influence for good in Lincoln county.

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That happy phrase "springs of life" is peculiarly apt. Of course, Belmont has in mind the water in his own stocks. Belmont's New York traction merger alone represents \$200,000,000 in water. If this is to be brought under punitive regulation, there will be indeed a drying up of a considerable spring. And there are lots of others. But those are not the real springs of a nation's life. They are more like sponges, that swell up with water created by general industry. A good sponge would vastly reduce the sponge and send the water back to its proper place. This might be hard on the sponge, from the sponge viewpoint. But a sponge

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ALBUQUERQUE'S CHRISTMAS

The day before Christmas, coming on Monday, was also parts of our country the most stirring and active day of the year. Especially was this the case in Albuquerque. There was hurrying to and fro. There was the hiding of various things about the house, in the drawers and in the closets. There were quiet whisperings in the family, and the household for the time was veiled in mystery. It was the last day in which to prepare for the coming of Santa Claus, and with many, it was the first one, too, because Sunday followed the Saturday night pay day. In the evening houses were put in order for his reception. The Christmas tree was prepared. The stockings were hung up. The little folks went to bed with the intention of sleeping with one eye open to watch for the coming of Santa Claus, while the weary mother lay her head upon her pillow, happy in the anticipation of the joy awaiting her, starting on her morning.

No one, says an exchange, has ever seen the Christmas visitor who slips into the home to make happy little children and the more matured people. Some say he is a myth, but none but the cross-grained and the crankish talk that way. The gifts bestowed may be of little value, but they are priceless as remembrances. The spirit of Santa Claus should not be abused. His intention is only to give such presents as are useful and serve the purpose of making the receiver happier. If Christmas gifts are bestowed in this spirit, the causes of Christmas merriment will always be a grand one to many hearts.

Yesterday, the real Christmas day, for which all the activity of the previous day was but the preparation was characterized in this city by an almost complete cessation of labor, except upon the part of the busy housewife who prepared her sumptuous holiday feast, often assisted by visiting friends as well as the gathered family. But the sound of toll was still ceased, alike in store, and market, and shop, and factory. There were but few in this city who were unable to have their own Christmas dinner, and those, The Citizen understands, were bountifully supplied by the several benevolent organizations.

Good will toward men, self-sacrifice—these are endorsed by all religions and taught daily by home, but we owe their existence to no creed or theory; they are of human nature and belong to all.

There may be no hope or fears, dogmas, beliefs, this is the day of holy joy, the day we meet with kin and kind at homelike feast, the gaudsome day of charity, the wondrous day of giving gifts and cheery words, and being glad in making hearts of others glad.

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The custom of giving presents on Christmas, now so universally observed, some say has been derived from the old Roman Saturnalia, or feast of Saturn, at which it was customary for all of the members of a household to offer gifts to each other, and that, therefore, is not traceable, as has been sometimes claimed, in the New Testament account of how king and wise men made rich offerings to the infant Jesus. For the Christians knew the world is indebted to the ancient Germans, who, during the continuance of their great feast of the winter solstice, hung large yule trees with rude gifts, decorations and lights. From them, too, came Santa Claus, Kris Kringle, Knecht Ruprecht and many other famous personages charged with the duty of bringing gifts to good children, as does also the beautiful fable that such offerings are brought directly by the sweet hands of the loving Christ child—the infant Jesus himself.

However these things may be, and their discussion is both needless and non-essential, it is generally admitted that no description of the mirth and joy of an old English Christmas can be found in literature at all comparable to the following well-known extract from Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion":

On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the songs were sung,
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice bear,
Then opened wide the bairns' hall,
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rule and rod aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The bairns with ruddy face and glee,
That night might village pastime choose,
All halid, with uncontrolled delight;
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
England was Merry England then.
Old Christmas brought his sports again;
Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
Twas Christmas told the merriest tale.
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

THE TRANSPORTATION TROUBLES

There are no business concerns in the United States, whether individually conducted, carried on by firms, or under corporation management, which are so exacting with their employees as the railroads are. No matter what the record of the one who fails to do his duty, how long the years of his faithful service, how good the excuse for palliation or lenitiveness—none of these things move railroad managements. The ax descends and the employee who has failed of his duty must suffer the consequences.

Why should not the head management of railway companies be given their own medicine? The business of the whole country has been more or less demoralized and injured by the shortage in cars... The reason has at last come to light. The railway companies have failed to keep up with the development of the country, believing for the past few years that such dear would be the last of the present prosperity. So they have failed to prepare themselves to handle the business of the sections dependent upon them. Why should they not be punished for this neglect of duty? Why should the railroads be given a free hand?

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